

A Funeral

POEM,

Humbly offer'd

TO THE

Pious Memory

Of the Reverend

Mr. *Sam^l Pomfret,*

Who dy'd *January 11th, 172¹.*

In the 71st Year of his Age.

To which is added, his late *Annual Hymns.*

The Second Edition, with large Additions

Printed for JOHN MARSHALL, at the Bible
in Gracechurch-street. Price 6d.

Where is sold Mr. Pomfret's Works.

PROBATION

IN THE
COURT OF PROBATE
FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
IN AND FOR THE CITY OF WASHINGTON

IN MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF
JAMES M. HARRIS, DECEASED
ADMINISTRATOR

VS.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FILED FOR RECORD
THIS 10TH DAY OF JANUARY
1900

T O M Y

Ever-honour'd and Ingenious Friend,

Mr. HENRY PASMORE, jun.

Sir,

I Perswade my self You will readily forgive the Freedom I use in prefixing your Name to such a Croud of Imperfections.

The Satisfaction you was pleas'd to express in the perusing of the First Edition of this POEM (which came into the World in too great a Hurry to admit of any Dedication) gives me Encouragement to shelter it under your Protection, knowing it there to be safe.

'Tis a Pleasure to me that I can at once pay my Respects to the venerable Dead, and acknowledge those innumerable Obli-

Dedication.

gations I lay under, and Favours I have receiv'd from the Living: As this is the only Return I can make, so I am satisfied 'tis more than you expected.

The Subject of the following Poem needs not the Assistance of the Muse to perpetuate his Memory; his Praise is already in all the Churches of Christ: And as long as serious Religion is valued and regarded in England, so long will his Name be had in Remembrance.

I shall make no Apology for the following Piece, but leave it to take its Fate in an ill-natur'd World: It wants both Method and Order; and I want Time and Opportunity to make Amendments: But my Comfort is, that you are fully sensible of the many Disadvantages and Interruptions I labour'd under, and therefore hope You will indulge some Mistakes you may find.

If

Dedication.

If it is capable of affording you any real Satisfaction, I shall not value what Judgment the World passes upon it, they cannot think meaner of it than I do myself, and would heartily thank those who may Condemn it, if they would be so kind as to Correct it.

As to Your own part, Sir, I am sensibly assur'd your Good Nature will oblige you to pass the best Construction upon it, it will possibly admit of; and whensoever you find any thing in it blame-worthy, you will rather choose to pity my Weakness, than condemn the Performance.

If it should be so happy as to prove a Means of strengthening our present Friendship on Earth, and of making us more vigorous and eager in our Pursuits, and more ardent in our Desires after the upper better World, it would then have its de-

Dedication.

desired Effect, and therein I should greatly
rejoice.

If it creates in You the same Plea-
sure in Reading as it did me in Wri-
ting, I may be bold to say, it will afford
You some Satisfaction; in hopes of which
I beg Leave to subscribe my self,

Honour'd Sir,

Your Real Friend, and

most Obedient Humble

Servant,

London, Febr. 12.

1721-2.

Edward Lodge.

Funeral POEM.

Hence from my Breast I banish every Joy,
 A *General Loss* must now my Muse employ;
 Before my Eyes a melancholy Scene
 Appears in Weeds of Woe: An awful Theme
 In deep Accents of Grief, from Shore to Shore,
 Proclaim the News, That *POMFRET* is no more;
 Then hide thy Face, and thy own Fate deplore.
 Or rather stretch thy Wings, and upwards fly
 To Realms of Light, where he's enthron'd on high:
 Rove to the upper happy World of Souls,
 Where Joy, where Peace and Pleasure ever rolls.
 Pursue the Track, for thither is he fled,
 And left his Clay among the happy Dead.
 With upward Aim he took his joyful Flight,
 And now adoring lies in Realms of Light:
 Born from Above, he longed to be there
 To taste the Sweetness of his Native Air,
 To feel the Pleasures, in the Glory share.
 Fulfill'd his *Father's Will*, and then remov'd
 To be for ever with his best Belov'd.
 Th' *Angelick Host* that guarded him along,
 Shouting for Joy, cry'd out, *He's come, he's come;*
 And Heaven with loud Acclamations rung.

Tell

Tell me then, gentle *Raphael*, tell me where,
 For thou can'st tell, that I may meet him there !
 Come, lead me to the Place, the happy View
 Will raise my Joys, and ev'ry Grief subdue :
 On what *green Shade* compos'd he lies along,
 Or where he sits, warbling his *Heav'nly Tongue*,
 Admiring of the *Grace* that brought him home !
 Or, has he found some that he knew on Earth,
 His Kindred-Minds of the same *Heav'nly Birth*,
 Relating all the *Wonders* G O D had wrought,
 Thro' all the *Storms* and *Dangers* he had brought
 Him safe (at last) unto that happy Place,
 Appointed for the Heirs of *Jacob's Race* ?
 How thro' this *Wilderness* he led his Way,
 While he imprison'd was in *Bands of Clay* !
 How he taught him o'er *Satan* to prevail,
 And ev'ry Snare that did his Soul assail !
 How He to him secur'd the Victory,
 And brought him off (at last) triumphantly !
 By bright Displays of *Mercy*, *Love*, and *Grace*,
 And fix'd him there to view him Face to Face,

Those that before him went, rejoyce to see
 Him enter, and join in the Harmony :

* He who so lately did before him go,
 Met him with sweet Surprise, adoring low

* The Reverend Mr. Hocker, Assistant to Mr. Pomfret,
 who died but a few Weeks before him.

The

A Funeral P O E M.

3

The Pow'r that brought him there : A pious Race
Of Ancestors rejoyce to see his Face,
And shout him Welcome to his Dwelling-place :
Sing at his landing on the *Heavenly Shore*,
Glad that they're met so as to part no more.

He in the general Joy unites his Voice
Salutes them as he passes; and rejoyce
To meet them there; and with Submission bows,
With such Submission as e'en *Heav'n* allows :
At last with Joy a Vacancy doth see,
This is my Father's Gift prepar'd for me,
And I for it was chose from all *Eternity*.
He cries, How often have I thought it long
E're I could reach this long, long wish'd-for home
The tedious Minutes roll'd but slow away,
And I impatient of the least Delay :
Ready at *Heaven's Command* to leave this Lump
of Clay.

But now the happy Hour of Joy is come,
My *Father* now hath call'd me to his home,
Where we shall part no more, but be for ever one.

But, oh ! where do I rove ? I fear such Scenes
Of Joy are all as gay delusive Dreams,
But airy Fancy crouding on the Mind,
In fleeting Shadows we no Substance find ;
They please at first, but leave a Sting behind.

But if I err, *Raphael*, do thou direct
My Steps : Doth he retire to recollect
His former Joys, Joys that he knew below,
If any dwell within these Realms of Woe :
Or all those Pains he once did undergo ?

B

Doth

Doth he look down with Pity on those Dreams
Of Happiness on Earth, those fleeting Scenes?
On those tumultuous Joys and hurrying Cares,
On all his past Vexations, Pangs, and Fears.

Or rather on *Diviner Themes* his Song
Is fix'd, and *Heav'nly Musick* on his Tongue:
His warbling Notes are rais'd with highest Joy,
And *Themes Divine* doth ev'ry Power employ:
They lie no more conceal'd, all Mists are fled;
By *Faith* no more, but *Sight* now is he led:
What was before unto his *Faith* conceal'd,
Is now in an *Unerring Light* reveal'd:
No longer doth he now look thro' a Glass,
But views th' *Amazing Glory* Face to Face;
Nor doth the *dazling Brightness* dim his Sight,
The Eye is strengthen'd equal to the Light;
Adoring views with *Infinite Delight*!

When will arrive the happy Hour, my Soul,
When thou in *Infinite Delight* shalt roll?
When will these *Days of Separation* cease,
And I be gather'd to the *Just* in Peace?
Oh, for the happy Moment of *Release*!
When will *Indulgent Heaven's Decree* be known,
And those *strong Walls of Clay* be broken down?
When shall my willing Soul fly up and soar
Above this World, and *Live for Evermore*?
In that *Bright World of Everlasting Light*,
Eternal Peace, and *Infinite Delight*!
When the same Songs that doth the *Blest* employ,
By me be sung, and propagate the Joy:

When

A Funeral P O E M.

5

When shall I join th' *Angelick Host* and *Choir* ?
 When shall I burn with *Bright Caelestial Fire*,
 And reach the *Sum* and *Centre of Desire* ?
 When shall I 'mong the *Perfect Spirits* meet,
 And cast our *Crowns* down at our *Saviour's Feet* ?

But, oh ! what glorious *Notes* now strike my *Ear*,
 I'm all *Attention*, and I fain would hear !
 Hark how with *Joy* th' *Exalted Saint* now sings
 New *Songs of Love*, hark how the *Palace* rings !
 See with what *Raptures* now the *Harp* doth move,
 And ev'ry touch sounds *Mercy, Grace, and Love* !

Or now perhaps he's drawn aside to see
 Some *Great*, as yet *Unreveal'd Mystery* :
 The *Glorious Wonders* that our *GOD* hath wrought,
 The *Price* he paid, the *Purchase* that he bought,
 Is now become the *Subject* of his *Thought*.
 He sings how he for us from *Heaven* came,
 Endur'd the *Cross*, despising all the *Shame* :
 Paints him in all those *Weeds of Woe* he wore,
 In all the *Pains* and *Suff'rings* that he bore,
 Drench'd in *Death's Agony* and *Bloody Gore*.
 Then with *unknown Delight* he shifts the *Scene*,
 Pursues the *Subject*, and concludes the *Theme*
 By raising his *exalted Notes* on high,
 And warbling out his *Crown* and *Victory*.

Could I but sing unto the list'ning *Throng*,
 And raise my *Thoughts* to the *Immortal Song* :
 Could you that weeping stand around the *Clay*,
 But bear the *Notes*, you'd long to stretch away ;

Be weary of this dull unwinding Thread,
 And long to be among the happy Dead :
 Then dry your Tears, and mourn for him no more,
 But wish to land on the *Immortal Shore*.

Proceed, my Muse, perhaps he may be known,
 In humble form before th' *Eternal Throne* ;
 Warm'd with the *brightest Flames* of Joy and Love,
 And *vast Respect*, such as they use Above :
 Self-humbl'd and abased at the Sight
 Of the Great G O D, in his *Effulgent Light*.
 Oh, glorious Sight ! unutterable *Grace*,
 To view the *uncover'd Godhead* Face to Face ;
 The *Privilege* of all the *Chosen Race* !
 Where all the *Heavenly Hosts* of *Angels* meet,
 And cast their Crowns down at their *Saviour's Feet*.

He bows with them, with them doth he adore,
 Casts down his Crown, not of a dimmer Oar
 Than theirs ; but here *Ambition* knows no place,
Pride ne'er infects none of the *Heavenly Race* :
 But all with *one Consent* conspire to own
 Their *Saviour*, G O D, and bow before his Throne.

New *Scenes of Rapture*, and fresh *Tides of Joy*,
Pleasures unknown his Golden Hours employ :
Love's brightest Flames are kindled in his Breast,
 Of every growing *Sweet* is he possess ;
 Of never-ceasing Joys, and never-ending Rest.

Oh, that my *Imagination* could but frame
 Some bright Idea's of the *Heavenly Flame* !

A Funeral P O E M.

7

A happy Prospect of the *Bright Deceas'd*,
 To lull my melting Passions unto *Rest* ;
 To call my Eyes from the distressing Sight,
 And lift them up to glorious *Realms of Light* !
 No more to look on the cold Lump of Clay
 (With *Sighs* and *Groans*, with *Horror* and *Dismay*) }
 He left behind, with weeping Eyes ; and say,
This was my Friend ; but, oh, how awful Fate
 Has made a *Breach* as lasting as 'tis great !

Oh, my fond Eyes, forbear the Sight, nor turn
 On the *Cold Object*, there to sigh and mourn :
 Nor when you weep must you indulge *Excess*,
 But curb your Grief, and govern your Distress.
 Tho' bootless Pity drop a Tear or two,
 And liquid Eyes my languid Cheeks bedew :
 There's nothing left but a cold Lump of Clay,
 His *Better Part* is fled to *Realms of Day* ;
 He's gone above, Immortal Joys to prove,
 And taste the Sweets of Beatifick Love.
 By blest Experience taught, he there shall know
 Eternal Pleasures from the Throne that flow :
 There shall he find a Balm for every Sore ; }
 There every Storm and Tempest shall be o'er,
Malice abuse his *Piety* no more.

But yet in *Whispers* still I mourn my Fate,
 To view the Man that was admir'd of late
 By all, now pale and wan, neglected lies,
 A loathsome Sight, offensive to the Eyes :

Oh,

Oh, base Disease, that did so soon destroy
 So bright a Star, and thus forbid our Joy !
 The *Building* that proclaim'd a *Skill divine*,
 In our dark World no longer now must shine ;
 But flew away to dwell among the *Just*,
 And left his *Temple* to the silent Dust.

But stop, my Muse, I must not, cannot dare
 To go yet farther ; gentle Muse, forbear,
 Since ev'ry Sentence will provoke a Tear :
Fancy, I know, will but imperfect paint
 The *Heav'nly Mind* above the *Radiant Saint*,
 All your *Descriptions* will be dull and faint.

Your Thoughts confine to what below you find
 While he was here, the *Virtues of his Mind* :
 Tell how he did declare his *Master's Will*,
 And his *Divine Commission* did fulfill :
 How he dealt forth the *Threatnings of the Law*,
 And how the list'ning Crowd he kept in awe !
 How the *soft Accents* of the *Gospel* hung
 Upon his Lips, and *Grace* upon his Tongue,
 And JESUS the *Great Subject* of his Song.

See how with flaming Zeal and awfull Voice
 He sounds the Trumpet and the warlike Noise
 Aloud the Terrors of the Law proclaims,
 And kindles once again Old *Sinai's* flames.
 Frowns on the Prophet's brow divinely rise,
 His Tongue speaks Thunder, Lightning's from his
 Eyes

Far from the sight the bold Blasphemers drew,
 While round the Roof the threatening Curses flew,
 Aiming his Arrows at the guilty Head,
 They feel the Wounds, and mingle with the Dead :
 The *Heart of Stone* relents, the harden'd *Steel*
 Cries out, *Undone*, and new Impressions feel,
 The tinging Smart no longer can endure,
 But own their Guilt, and cry aloud for Cure,
 Hang down their impious Heads with sad Despair,
 And racking Horrors, Sighs, and Groans are there.

He then descends to act the gentler Part,
 To heal the Wound, and ease the tinging Smart,
 To calm the Conscience, and assuage the Pain,
 He turns his Thoughts, and sings a softer strain,
 And shews that *God*, who for their Guilt was slain,
 A healing Vertue from his Wounds derives,
 Pours in the Balm, and lo the Rebels lives,
 The Dead again do rise, and strait obey
 Th' Almighty sound ; and lo a Heav'nly Ray
 Within them shines, dispelling every Fear,
 Creating Light out of their black Despair.

How often hath this Heav'nly Musick hung,
 And those soft Accents roll'd upon his Tongue,
 And opening *Skies* have listned to the Song !
 How often hath his Voice roll'd back the Spheres,
 And sung the bleeding Scenes of ancient Years !
 How many ways to make his Saviour known
 A Victim on his Cross, a Conqueror on his Throne !

Thro'

Thro' all his Scenes of Life oft did he rove;
 His Condescension, Mercy, Grace, and Love,
 Both what he did below, and what he does above.
 You that have heard the Saint, you best can tell
 His wondrous Art, and how he did excell.
 How he hath call'd, your willing Feet to try
 The mournful Road, and walk to *Calvary*,
 And shew'd you there your God in all his Pains,
 Redeeming Blood a spouting from his Veins,
 To purge thy Guilt away, and cleanse thy Stains.
 The fatal Tree he set before your Eye,
 The Nails and Thorns ting'd with a crimson Dye.
 Oh! how he sung the Vertue of that Flood
 Forc'd from *his Side*! oh! meritorious Blood,
 That purchas'd Life for all the *Chosen Race*!
 Oh glorious Love! oh condescending Grace!

Such Themes as these new Pleasure does impart,
 With Wonder and Amazement strike the Heart.
 Such Notes as these we could for ever hear,
 As healing as the Blood, sharp as the Spear
 That pierc'd his Side, to think that wretched we
 Should be the Cause of all his Misery!

Our ravish'd Souls drank in the Truths divine,
 Yet falling Tears kept sympathetick Time,
 To hear that God should groan, that God should die
 For such a wretched worthless thing as I.

Must not each Groan then strike a doleful sound?
 Should not our Tears then trickle to the Ground?

Tho'

A Funeral P O E M.

11

Tho' at the sight a pleasing Joy arise,
Yet can we look and not have weeping Eyes?
When *Pomfret's* awful Voice rais'd our Desire,
And bid us look and see our God expire,
Can we then see him bear the heavy Load,
And not forsake our Sins, and love our God?

The mournful Road again he'd have us tread,
And trace the gloomy Mansions of the *Dead*:
Our Souls with Trembling Joy admire to hear
The sweetness of his Notes and follow there.
Down to the shades of Darkness then we go,
And view the place where JESUS lay below;
With pleasing Horror then do we Survey
The Gloomy Cavern, ———
Confin'd within the Limits of a Tomb,
And shed Around him there a sweet perfume:
But there the Tomb cannot him long detain,
JESUS will soon dissolve the Gloomy Chain;
The Yelding Earth shall give him up again.

Hark, *Pomfret's* Voice asunder rends the Tomb,
And Sings; the rising GOD is Come, is Come:
He broke the bands of *Death*, dissolv'd the Chain,
Assum'd his *Native Liberty* again.

The *Cherubic Host* with Triumph from the Sky,
In joyful Squadrons sing, and downwards fly,
To meet their rising God, their conqu'ring Head,
And shout him *Welcome* from among the Dead.
To *Heav'n* again then they prepare to fly,
And bear their *Sovereign* with them up on high:

C

A

A shining Carr, form'd of pure burnish'd Gold;
 The Wheels with burning Gems the God doth hold,
 Triumphantly move up the azure Hills,
 And Satan bound unto the Chariot-wheels:
 Hark, the *Old Serpent* roars, and yells aloud
 To see *Almighty JESUS* in the Cloud;
 Gnaws the Eterna Ibrass that keeps him there,
 To see the *Conquest* won, raves in Dispair.

But, Lo, the Opening Gates with Joy receive
 The Conquering GOD, fresh Honours to him give:
 The *Almighty Father* smiles upon the Son,
 And freely give him all the Honours won.

Angels, Arch-angels, Seraphims adore
 The Victory, and sing aloud his Power;
 The *Little Cherubs* tune their warbling Tongues,
 And join with them in their Redeeming Songs.

Lift up my Soul, lift up a willing Eye,
 And see thy GOD the Man Exalted High;
 Adoring view him on his Native Throne,
 And sing with them the Conquest he hath won:
 Fresh Glories will appear unto your Sight,
 New Robes he wears, and dress'd in brighter Light.
 Oh! that my willing Soul would soar and try
 To reach the notes, but, Oh! the sound's too high;
 The Glorious sight as yet's too great for me,
 Nor can I join the solemn Harmony
 Till I these Prison-walls shall break and fly
 Above, and in those Raptures Ever lie.

Those were the subjects of the *Saint* you know,
 While he was *Expy* to these Realms below;
 Those

These did he preach, and wrndrons was his skill,
 And many now a live did own the the seal,
 Who sweet Impressions from the Truth did feel.
 Great was his Trust, and he could well impart
 The Grace and Pity of *Emmanuel's* Heart.

How oft with Pleasure have we sat to hear
 The Endearing Messages of *Love* he bare;
 How hath our willing Ears with Rapture hung,
 And greedily suck'd in the *Musick* of his Tongue.

Life's busy Cares could not our Thoughts Employ,
 But *Sacred Silence* did promote our Joy;
 In deep Attention ev'ry Ear was bound,
 And all our Powers with an awe profound,
 To listen to the pleasure of the sound.

But, oh! forbear, his *Better Part* is fled,
 Oh, melancholly sound, *POMFRET* is dead!
 Dead, did I say, he's only flew away
 To dwell for ever in the *Realms of Day*;
 Changed his home, and shifted his abode
 To be above for ever with his *G O D*.

So sits Bright *Phœbus* in a Crimson Cloud,
 And rising Fogs his *daxling Lustre* shroud;
 Yet lovely Smiles, till by foul Night oppress'd,
 And then sinks down into his pleasing Rest.
 But yet again those *Smiles* he doth display
 With *Radiant Beams*, to welcome in the Day:
 He sets to rise again with fresher Light,
 So sits the *Saints* when hidden from our Sight.

*Death's but a pleasing Slumber to the Just,
Smiling they lie conceal'd in Beds of Dust;
Knowing that when few Days are gone and o're,
They rise again, but sin and die no more.*

*So smil'd the Saint, to see his End so near,
And coming Joys forbid a dying Fear:
Farewell, my Friends, cry'd he, I go before,
To see my Father's Face, and Him adore:
Thus left his Clay, and flew above the Skies,
Where ev'ry Tear is wiped from his Eyes.*

*Then, cease your Tears, my Friends, forbear to mourn,
He cries, no more with Funeral Tears my Urn
Bedew: Are you then sorry for my Bliss,
Or, would you tempt me from this Happiness?
Lift up your Eyes to me, and then with Joy
You'd view the pleasing Scenes that doth employ
My Time, and fills with infinite Delight
All the adoring Throng; those Realms of Light
Cannot admit a single Tear; then why
Must mine be wip'd, and yours be never dry?
Cease then your Tears, forbear a future Groan,
Nor sigh to think that I'm before you gone:
But in Exalted Raptures smile and say,
He's fled above to Everlasting Day,
There to abide; then throw your Tears away.*

THE
EPI TAPH.

*S*weetly he sleeps in JESUS; tho' he lies
A mong the Dead, yet he again shall rise,
M ount up with Joy, and leave his Dusty Bed,
U nited to his Great and Glorious Head,
E ternally to praise, and Him adore,
L earning such Songs he Never sung before.

P ardon and Grace divine, Mercy and Love,
O n those bright Themes he ever dwells above,
M ingling his Joy with the whole Sacred Choir.
F or ever sounding of his Heavenly Lyre
R est in thy Bed until the Happy Day;
E ternal Sunshine then shall pave thy Way
T o Endless Glory that knows no Decay.

Mr.

*Mr. POMFRET's Hymn on
New-years-Day.*

TRuth, Lord; I've unespoused been
To fair *Emmanuel* :
My first birth that hath been in Sin,
Within a Step of *Hell*.

Thrice Happy if this New-years day
My Soul and Sin might part,
And join to JESUS, who doth say,
My Son, give me thy Heart.

This New-years Gift of mine to thee,
Kind God, depends upon
Another Gift of thine to me,
The Spirit of thy Son.

O may that Spirit, now I'm Young,
Make me his Spouse to be,
Then let my Life be short or long
I'll spend it all for thee.



Mr. POMFRET's Hymn,

Sung after his Sermon preach'd to Young
People on *New-years-day*, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$, from *Prov.*
8. 17. *I love them that love me, and them that
seek me early shall find me.*

TO you, fair Youth, now met again
Anew another Year,
One fairer than the Sons of Men,
In Charms of Love appears.

His Name is J E S U S, and his Aim
Is to a Wonder kind;
Early to seek him's not in vain,
For such shall surely find.

And art thou here, O fairest One?
And hast thou *David's Key*
That opens Hearts? and there is none
Can shut and bar out thee.

O use that Key, and make this Day
A Day of thy Great Power;
Then this Assembly shall obey
Thy Voice this present hour.

The



The following H Y M N was sung on
New-years Day 17¹⁶₁₇ from

1. John ii. 12, 13, 14. *I write unto you, little Children, because your Sins are forgiven you for his Names sake. I write unto you, Fathers, because ye have known Him that is from the beginning. I write unto you Young Men, because you have overcome the wicked one. I write unto you, little Children, because you have known the Father. I have written unto you Fathers, because ye have known Him that is from the beginning. I have written unto you Young Men, because ye are strong, and the Word of GOD abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.*

LORD, that I may on thy demand
Now give my Heart to Thee,
And ever after to it stand;
O do Thou give it me!

Thy Holy Spirit to display,
Thy Power with thy Truth,
That hath been preach'd this *New-years Day*
To Children and to Youth.

Ten thousand Praises, Lord, I'll give
For a new Heart to day,
To glorifie Thee while I live,
Amen, Amen I say.

Mr.



Mr. POMFRET's Hymn,

Sung after his Sermon preached to Young People,
on New-Years-day, 171 $\frac{7}{8}$, from 2 Cor. 11. 2.
*For I am jealous over you with a Godly Jealousie;
for I have Espoused you to one Husband, that I may
present you as a Chaste Virgin to Christ.*

THis New-Years-day, Lord, take away
The Vail so off my Mind,
As that my Heart no longer may
To any Lust be join'd.

And so reveal thy Son in me
Effectually, that I
May unto him Espoused be,
In my *Virginity*.

Bloody to him, a Spouse I've been,
Who Travell'd sore for me;
Yet 'tis a Day of Joy to him,
His Travel for to see.

But, Oh! how Bright a *Diadem*,
Will on that Day be plac'd!
When you by me presented be
To Christ, a *Virgin Chaste*.

The following HYMN was sung on Easter-Monday, after a Sermon preach'd from the *aforsaid* Text.

REnowned JESUS! hast thou stood
A Wooing at my Door?
That saw *Polluted* in my Blood
A Wretch extremely Poor.

O heights of *Grace*, no Thoughts can think,
No *Rhetorick* can tell,
That thou shouldest court me on the brink
Of an *Eternal Hell*!

Surely should I be Coy and Cold
And cast off such a *Lover*,
My *Hell* would be a Thousand fold
Hotter then any other.

Yet, LORD, I find a Wretched Heart
Too ready to gainsay
All those *Esponsing Charms and Arts*
That have been preach'd to Day.

But, LORD, thou know'st a way to win,
While Man can only woo;
O take that way, and glory in
Thy Price, thy Conquest too.

Mr.

Mr. Pomfret's Hymn at the Sacrament. Jan. 5. 1714.

Heb. 12. 22. But ye are come unto Mount Sion, &c. (24.) And to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to the Blood of Sprinkling, that speaketh better things than of Abel.

When first the Law of God was given, *Exod.*
Moses the Man of God was smitten 19. 16,
 With Fear and Trembling, and no wonder, 17.
 For *Sion's* Mount was Cloth'd with Thunder.
 But we are come to *Sion's* Mount,
 With Joy and Praise on that account,
 Because here is the Mediator
 That came for us by Blood and Water; *1 John*
 His sweet and charming Name is JESUS, 5. 6.
 A Name that doth Extremely please us: *Mat.*
 For it was given unto Him 1. 21.
 To save his People from their Sin;
 His Blood is sprinkling, speaking Blood,
 That speaketh louder for our Good
 Than all our Sins for Wrath can cry,
 Though of the deepest Scarlet dye.
 He with his Flesh and Blood us feeds,
 O Sacred Meat and Drink indeed! *John 6. 55.*
 Amazing Love to such he hath;
 As we who have deserv'd his Wrath. *Rom. 5. 8.*
 Come Holy Ghost down from above,
 Help us to praise Redeeming Love, *Cant. 4. 6.*
 And keep our Vows inviolate,
 Made to the Lamb immaculate. *1 Pet. 1. 19.*
 Our Lord then call us this New year
 To *Sion's* Mount, to feast us here, *Isa. 21. 5, 6.*
 Will shortly, surely call us higher,
 To join with the Cœlestial Choir
 In their Triumphant Songs in Heaven, *Rev. 5. 9,*
 Where all the Praise and Glory's given 13.
 Unto the Undivided Three,
 By all to all Eternity. *Mr.*

Mr. Pomfret's Hymn at the Sacrament, Jan. 4. 1712.

John 1. 29. the latter part of the Verse, Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the Sin of the World.

Behold the Lamb of God, who came
 To take our Flesh on him : *Heb. 2. 14.*
 Behold the Lamb of God as slain *Heb. 9. 26.*
 To take away our Sin.
 To kiss and comfort such as mourn, *Mat. 5. 4.*
 See how he bow'd his Head ; *John 19. 30.*
 And to receive such as return,
 See how his Arms are spread. *John 1. 12.*
 Behold his Hands and Feet all bloody ;
 Behold his pierced Side :
 My Soul, make this thy chiefest study,
Christ, and him crucify'd. *2 Cor. 2. 2.*
 For this to know is Life Eternal, *John 17. 3.*
 All without this but swells ;
 This makes the Feast, this is the Kernel,
 All without this is Shell.
 Lord, make me then to know and see
 The Power of thy Death ; *Phil. 3. 10.*
 That Sin in me, may dying be,
 So long as I have Breath. *1 Pet. 2. 24.*
 And then in me may'st live and reign,
 If I another Year
 Should live, if not, to die be Gain,
 Will better be than here. *Phil. 1. 21.*
 Let Saints and Angels round the Throne,
 Let all below adore
 The Everlasting Three in One,
 Both now and evermore.

Mr.

Mr. Pomfret's Hymn at the Sacrament, Jan. 3. 17th.

*Mal. 4. 11. But unto you that fear my Name, shall the
Sun of Righteousness arise with Healing in his Wings.*

AH, Lord! the Wound that I had got
By *Adam's* first Transgression, *Rom. 5. 12.*
Ten thousand Creature-Suns could not
Make up a Soul-Physician. *Acts 4. 12.*

But if I fear that Name of Thine,
Thy Word this Comfort brings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall shine,
With Healing in his Wings.

As none among the Lights of Heaven
Can make it Day, but one, *Gen. 1. 16.*
The Glorious Sun which thou hast given,
And that can do't alone:

So none can (through the Universe)
Make a Soul-healing Day, *Isa. 43. 11.*
But *Christ*, the Sun of Righteousness, *Isa. 45.*
When he his Beams display. *21, 22.*

Oh, wondrous Grace! that has spread over
My Soul these Healing Wings, *Cant. 2. 3, 4.*
The which are large enough to cover
A Multitude of Sins.

Thou wast eclips'd, that I might be
Feasted and kissed here; *Mat. 27. 46, 47.*
What's Wine to me, was Blood to thee,
My Lord, my Love, my Dear.

O may thy Beams burn up the Roots
Of all my Old Year's Sin;
And may a Spring of Gospel Fruits,
With the New Year begin.

Now, Lord, I sing; anon I mourn;
And shall while Sin's in me, *2 Cor. 5. 4, 8.*

Until I die, and thou return
To wing me up to thee. *Mr.*

Mr. Pomfret's Hymn at the Sacrament, Jan. 1. 1721.

*Cant. 2. 3, 4. I sat down under his Shadow with great Delight,
and his Fruit was sweet to my taste. (4.) He brought me
to the Banqueting-house, and his Banner over me was Love.*

COME, Lord, at this Solemnity,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
And by thy Spirit teach thou me

*Psal. 143.
10.*

This Song of Songs to sing.
Under his Shadow I sat down,
And kindly was embrac'd;
With great Delight his Fruit I found
Was sweet unto my taste.

He brought me to his House of Wine,
His House of Banqueting;
There choice of Dainties I did find
The best of every thing.

There did he spread his Royal Banner
Of Love: O Heights of Grace!
Sure this is not, O Lord, the manner
Of Men of Humane Race.

*2 Sam. 7.
18, 19.*

But as thy Person, so thy Love
Transcendently excels

All Creatures that do live and move,
There is no Parellel.

*Ephes. 3.
18, 19.*

Lord! What's my House? or, Who am I?
That thou should'st come and take

My heavy Load of Guilt, and die,
My Peace with God to make.

*Ephes. 2.
13, 14.*

On which Peace-making-Sacrifice,
This feasting New-years Day,
With Praise and Sacramental Joys,
My Solemn Vows I pay.

By Saints and all the Heavenly Host,
Eternal Glory be

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The Uncreated Three.

Mr.

H Y M N S.

25

Mr. Pomfret's Hymn at the Sacrament, Jan. 7. 1724.

*Zech. 12. 10. And I will pour on the House of David,
and upon the Inhabitants of Jerusalem, the Spirit of
Grace and Supplication; and they shall look on me
whom they have pierc'd, &c.*

MY Lord, my Love, upon the Stage
Did fall a Sacrifice,
My Sins they were the Title-page
To all his Agonies.

This precious Promise, Lord, of thine,
So full of Gospel-Grace,
Revives this drooping Soul of mine,
As answering my Case.

What though my Sins as Scarlet be,
Yet there's enough, I know,
In thy pure Blood for cleansing me,
To make me white as Snow.

What though my Sins were adamant,
One Look of Faith on him

Can make a Gospel-Penitent,
Like *Mary Magdalen*.

Thy Spirit, Lord, of Grace, pour down,
And Supplication;

Then shall I look on thee, and mourn
As for an only Son.

One Smile of thine, now I am at
Thy Table, Lord, on me,

Will send me home rejoicing, that
I came and met with thee.

O make this Feast, I thee implore,
A Pledge of Heav'n to me,

Where Guests do meet, and part no more
To all Eternity.

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